

Old *Gaffer Gingerbread.*



Tom Trip to his *Companions.*

Old Gingerbread, with Wiſdom ſound,
Sells uſeful Knowledge by the Pound,
And feeds the little Folks, who're good,
At once with Learning and with Food.
What ſay you Friends—Shall we go buy?
Aye, Aye!—Who's firſt then, you or I?
And away they ran for a Book.

Lydia

Douce Adds. 302

THE RENOWNED

HISTORY

Lydia OF Heaton

Giles Gingerbread:

Febuary 4 : 1770

Little Boy who lived upon Learning.

Douce Adds. 302

LONDON:

Printed for NEWBERY and CARNAN, No. 65, the North Side of St. *Paul's Church-yard,* 1769.

[Price One Penny.]

The PREFACE.

THE Reader perhaps may be ſo unreaſonable as to expect an Account of the Birth, Parentage, and Country of our Hero. If he does, I can aſſure him he will be diſappointed. Theſe are Circumſtances which he has no Right to be informed of; for a good Man may be born any how, and any where; of any Parents, and in any Country.

Whether you, gentle Reader, were born at my native Place *Waltham*, where the Frogs ſing like Nightingales, or at any other Place, you may be as wiſe and as honeſt as I am.

If a Man is a good Man, and an honeſt Man, it is no Matter where he was born; and if thoſe who have lately made ſo much Noiſe about Country and Party had been Scholars to *Gaffer Gingerbread*, he would have knocked their heads together for being ſuch Boobies.

Why ſhould the People quarrel any more becauſe they are divided by the *Tweed*, than becauſe they are divided by the *Thames*?

The BOOKSELLER.

CHAP. I.

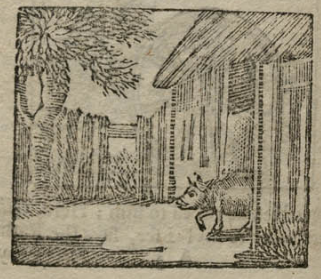
An Adventure of Little Giles Gingerbread.

ONE Day as *Gaffer Gingerbread* was coming from Work, he ſaw little *Giles*, who was as ragged as a Colt, getting up behind Sir *Toby Thompſon*'s Coach;



upon which he called to him: Here, *Giles*, come hither to me! I ſee, ſays the Father, you

you want to get up the Coach, but you are climbing at the wrong Place, *Giles*; you ſhould endeavour to get in at the Door. Ay Father, ſays the Boy, but that Place is not for poor Folks. Not for poor Folks, replied the Father, yes, but it is. A poor Man, or a poor Boy may get a Coach, if he will endeavour to deſerve it. Merit and Induſtry may entitle a Man to any Thing. Why Sir *Toby* was poor once, ay, as poor as thee, *Giles*. Don't be diſheartened Boy, only when you climb, climb in a proper Manner, and at the right Place; and I will tell you how Sir *Toby* managed it. But ſee, the Pig is got out of the Stye,



put him in firſt, and then I will tell you.

Giles ran as faſt as he could to put in the Pig; for he had learned *to do as he was bid*, or he would never have made either a good Boy or a great Man. There is no doing any Good for Boys and Girls who are obſtinate, and will not take Advice, and do as they are bid. No, no! ſuch Children never make great Men and Women; but are always neglected and deſpiſed.

CHAP. II.

An Epiſode; ſhewing, *How Sir* Toby Thompſon *became a great Man, and obtained ſo much Money, and ſuch a fine Coach.*

GILES came back puffing and blowing, now Father tell me, now Father tell me, ſays he, how I may get ſuch a fine Coach as Sir *Toby*'s. Ay, ſays the Father, that I will, *Giles*. I will tell you how Sir *Toby* got his, and if you behave in the ſame Manner that Sir *Toby* did, you may get one alſo,

alſo, and take up your poor Father to ride with you when he is grown old and weary.

Sir *Toby Thompſon* was the Son of Goody *Thompſon*, and lived at this little Hut upon the Green.



His Mother was a poor Widow, and had three Children. *Toby* was the eldeſt, and as ſhe was obliged to go out every Day to Waſhing, Scouring, and ſuch Sort of Work, ſhe left little *Toby* at Home to take Care of his Brother and Siſter, and lead them about as you may ſee.

It



It happened one Day that Goody *Thompſon* had no Victuals to leave the Children, and they were all crying at the Time when Mr. *Goodwill*, a rich *London* Tradeſman, who had a Houſe in this Country, was going by. Bleſs me, ſays Mrs. *Goodwill*, who was with her Huſband, what is the Matter with theſe poor Children, and, ſtepping up to the little one, what do you cry for, ſays ſhe? I am hungry, anſwered the Child; and I want ſome Bread, cried the other. And what do you cry for, ſays Mr. *Goodwill* to *Toby*? Becauſe I have no Bread to give my Brother and Siſter, ſays the Boy. This is a hard Caſe, ſays Mrs. *Goodwill*, I pity the

poor

poor Children, let us take them Home with us and feed them. Ay, with all my Heart, ſays Mr. *Goodwill*. It is a ſad Thing to want Bread. I pity both the Children and the Mother; and I like the biggeſt Boy much; for he who could forget his own Wants, and cry for thoſe of his Brother and Siſter, muſt have a good Heart. So, for all they were fine Folks, Mr. *Goodwill* took up one Child, and Mrs. *Goodwill* the other, and carried them on, leaving little *Toby* to trot by as you may ſee.



When the Children had a Belly-full they no longer cried; but went to play till the Even-

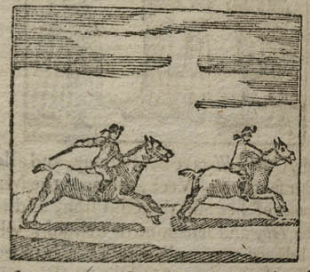
Evening, when their Mother came crying for them, and told Mr. and Mrs. *Goodwill* her Caſe.



Mr. *Goodwill* gave her Money, and allowed her ſo much a Week, towards the Maintenance of her and the Children, and took little *Toby* and ſent him to School; where he behaved very well, and ſoon learned to read and to write. After ſome Time Mr. *Goodwill* took him Home to his Houſe in *London*, to run of Errands, and do any other Buſineſs for the Servants and Clerks in his Shop and Counting-houſe.

Now it happened, that tho' Mr. *Goodwill* was

was a very honeſt, charitable and good Man, yet he was not altogether ſo wiſe or prudent, as one would expect a Man to be who lived in *London* and knew the World; for he was very fond of Horſes, continually went to *Barnet*, *Epſom*, and other Races, and kept two Race-Horſes himſelf, which ran away with half the Profits of his Trade.



Theſe are pretty Creatures indeed, but they are not fit for a Tradeſman. They were kept at great Expence, turned his Thoughts from Buſineſs, and led him into Schemes of Betting and Gaming, which were ſcandalous. At the Time that he was ſo taken up

up with his Horſes, he had the Misfortune to have a Servant in his Houſe who was not honeſt; which *Toby* diſcovered, and wrote to his Maſter about it, but in a diſguiſed Hand, and without putting any Name to the Letter. Enquiry was made, and Money and Goods were miſſing. Upon which all the Servants were examined except *Toby*; and as he was a Boy, and thought incapable of defending himſelf, the Thief laid the Robbery on him. Mr. *Good-will*, without that Conſideration which is neceſſary on theſe Occaſions, ordered him immediately to pack up his Things, and go about his Buſineſs. Yes, Sir, ſays *Toby* crying, but firſt hear me. I know that you have been defrauded, Sir, and I thought it my Duty, as you was my Maſter, to inform you of it. I wrote you a Letter, Sir, in a feigned Hand and without a Name, when you was at *Newmarket*; but at the Corner of the Letter you will find a private Mark, by which you may know it to be mine; and I ſhould not have done this, had I been guilty of the Robbery. No, Sir, you have been a Father to me, and I have been

juſt

juſt and honeſt to you; but this Man has not, (pointing to the Thief) for I ſaw him take Goods privately out of the Warehouſe and carry them to the Pawn-Brokers. The Maſter was aſtoniſhed! He looked at the Letter, found the Mark, and ſaw the Boy was innocent, and then ſearching the Pawn-brokers, the Goods were found.

Toby knew that it was his Duty not only to be honeſt himſelf, but, if poſſible, to make others ſo, and you will preſently ſee how God Almighty bleſſed him for it, and how he was rewarded for his Fidelity.

After this Mr. *Goodwill* placed great Confidence in *Toby*, and his Affairs ſo proſpered, that he became very rich. He then took in *Toby* as a Partner with him, and at his Death left him the whole Trade, and a large Sum of Money, which is ſtill increaſing; and from being a little ragged Boy and living in that Hut, he now rides in this fine Coach. Think of this, my Dear *Giles*, and learn your Book, and ſay your Prayers, and go to Church, and be honeſt and good and induſtrious, that you may get a Coach alſo.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

How Little Giles *firſt acquired his Learning.*

AS ſoon as *Gaffer Gingerbread* had finiſhed this Story of Sir *Toby* and his Coach, little *Giles* ran up to his Father, and begged that he would give him a Book and teach him to read, that he might become as great a Man as Sir *Toby Thompſon*.

Gaffer Gingerbread, who was a pretty good Scholar, pulled a Book out of his Pocket, and ſitting down under a Tree



with *Giles* in his Lap, now, ſays he, if you will

will be a good Boy and mind what I ſay, you may ſoon learn to read. You muſt know, *Giles*, that all the Words in the World are ſpelt, or made up, of theſe twenty-four Marks or Letters, pulling out of his Pocket an Alphabet cut in Pieces, which he had made of Gingerbread, for he was by Trade a Gingerbread Baker. Theſe he placed in this Manner,

a b c d e f g h i k l m
n o p q r ſ t u w x y z

All the Words in the World, ſaid *Giles*, laughing; yes, Sirrah, ſays the Father, what do you laugh at? I ſay all the Words in the World; all the Words that you, and all the People in the World can think on, may be ſpelt with theſe Letters differently placed. Then let me ſee you ſpell *Top*, ſaid *Giles*. So you ſhall, ſays the Father. See here is a T, and an o, and a p, —and theſe placed together thus make *Top*. Ay, that is a little Word, ſays *Giles*, but you cannot ſpell *Plumb-Pudding*. Why yes I can, ſaid the Father, ſee here is a P, and an l, and a u, and an m, and a b, which

which placed thus make *Plumb*; and here is another P, and a u, and a d, and another d, and an i, and an n, and a g, which when placed thus make *Pudding*, and theſe two Words put together make *Plumb-Pudding*.

Let me ſpell, Father, ſays *Giles*, and taking the Gingerbread Letters in his Hand, what ſhall I ſpell, ſaid he? Why the Name of any Thing you ſee, quoth the Father. Then I'll ſpell *Gooſe*, ſays the Boy; ſo ſaying, he took up a G, and a u, and an f, and an e, and placed them thus, *Gufe*. You Blockhead, is that your Manner of Spelling, ſays the Father, who would certainly have been angry, but at this Inſtant Farmer *Milton*'s Hog made at the Geeſe and Goſlings that were before him. Run *Giles*, run, ſaid the Father, and away he flew to ſave the Goſlings, which he did with the Aſſiſtance of a Gander, that laid hold of the Hog's Ear to keep him off.



See what Affection all Creatures have for their Young, and what Care they take of them. What will not a Father and Mother do to preſerve their Children; and Children ought to do the ſame for their Parents, but there are naughty Children who do not conſider this, tho' God Almighty has promiſed long Life to thoſe who do. *Honour thy Father and thy Mother, that thy Days may be long in the Land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee.*

Giles

Giles came back crying (ſee here he is)



and told his Father that the Geeſe hiſſed and laughed at him. Ay, that is becauſe you cannot read, anſwered the Father. Come hither *Giles*, ſays he, you muſt learn to know all the Letters, and the Sound they have, alone, and when joined to others, before you can ſpell and read. In the Word you attempted to ſpell, you have taken an f inſtead of an ſ, and a u inſtead of oo, for want of knowing the Letters and their Sounds. Here take up this A and look at him well; you ſee he is very different

from all the reſt. Upon this *Giles* took up the Letter and then read A, A, A, ſays he, Ay, Mr. A, I ſhall know you again, Apple for that—B, B, B, you are not at all like A, Mr. B; I ſhould be a Blockhead if I did not know you—C, C, C, I ſhall know you, Mr. C indeed, and ſo will every Boy that loves Cuſtard—D, D, D, Drum and Dumpling will make me know you Mr. D—E, E, E, Eggs and Eel Pye for ever—F, F, F, Fine Folks and Furmity for you, Mr. F—G, G, G, Gingerbread and Gooſeberry-fool, will always make me love you, Mr. G—H, H, H, Hogs-puddings and hot Cockles for ever—I, I, I, *Jack Jones* the Inkle-weaver will put me in mind of you, Mr. I—K, K, K, come Mr. K, you ſhall help me make a Kite—L, L, L, my little Lamb and my little Lark will help me to remember you Mr. L—M, M, M, Money for you, Mr. M, when I can get it, and when I fool it away, you ſhall call me Monkey—N, N, N, Nuts and Nonpareils for ever—O, O, O, Oranges, one a Penny, two a Penny Oranges—P, P, P, Punch and the Puppet-ſhow, huzza—Q, Q, Q, you

you ſtand for a Quail, Mr. Q, and I ſhall always think on you, when I ſee a Queer Fellow—R, R, R, you are a Raven, Mr. R, and a Rat-catcher, and a rum Duke—S, S, S, ſtands for Swan and for Swede, and for a ſilly Boy that can't read—T, T, T, oh Mr. T, I ſhall know you by my Top and my Trumpet, and Trap-ball—U, U, U, Unicorn for that.

The Lion and the Unicorn fighting for a Crown,
The Lion beat the Unicorn all about the Town.

W, W, W, a wiſe Man can never forget you, Mr. W, when he has a wild Duck for Dinner—X, X, X, you look ſo croſs, Mr. X, that I can compare you to nothing, but I ſhall know you again by your double Face—Y, Y, Y, you are like my Yellow Hammer, Mr. Y, young and ſilly, but you may have more Wit when you grow in Years.—

Z, Z, Z, Z is a Zany, and Zany's a Fool,
Who don't love his Book, or his Maſter, or School.

The Father finding that little *Giles* was inclined to be good, and to learn, made him a Book of Gingerbread, which he was very fond of, and learned it as faſt as he could. In the Evening, when *Goſſer Gingerbread* came home, he found that *Giles* had eat up one Corner of his Book, at which he was not well pleaſed. Heydey, *Giles*, ſays he, what do you love Learning ſo well as to eat up your Book? Why Father, ſays *Giles*, I am not the only Boy who has eat his Words. No Boy loves his Book better than I do, but I always learn it before I eat it. Say you ſo, quoth the Father, pray let me hear you ſay your Leſſon. Ay, Father, ſays *Giles*, you ſhall hear me ſing it, ſo up he ſtruck, b-a, ba, b-e, be, b-i, bi, and ſung the whole Cuzzes Chorus, which the ſly Rogue had got out of Mr. *Newbery*'s pretty Play-Thing. His Father, however, was wonderfully pleaſed to ſee the Boy ſo apt and ingenious, and therefore gave him another Book; on the learning of which, he told him, much of his Happineſs would depend, and this was the Title.

How

How to be Happy and go to Heaven.

And this was the Book, at leaſt theſe are the Leſſons contained in it.

1 *Leſſon.* Always rejoice at the Happineſs of others, that you may be happy yourſelf; for he that is pleaſed at another Man's Proſperity, enjoys a Part of his good Fortune.

2 *Leſſon.* Every Man is always as happy or as miſerable as he thinks himſelf; therefore think yourſelf happy, my dear *Giles*, that you may be ſo.

3 *Leſſon.* Love the Lord with all your Heart, with all your Soul, and with all your Strength, for you cannot love God half ſo well as he loves you.

4 *Leſſon.* Love your Neighbour as well as you love yourſelf; that is, love him moſt heartily *Giles*, and be kind to him, and promote his Welfare, that he may promote yours.

5 *Leſſon.* Love and pray for your Enemies, *Giles*, that your Enemies may become Friends, and love and pray for you.

6 *Leſſon.* And my dear *Giles*, ſay your Prayers Night and Morning, and go to Church conſtantly; and be honeſt and juſt in your Dealings; and be charitable and good to

all People in Diſtreſs; and God Almighty will love you, and bleſs you, and you will be happy here, and go to Heaven hereafter.

His Father then gave him another Book of Leſſons, and here they are.

The LION Leſſon.



When you play with a Lion take care of his Paw.

A Man who had bought a Lion for a Show, and put him into a Hutch, bid his Son come to him; *Tom*, ſays he, I charge you not to go near this Place, for if you do this Beaſt will kill you; ſo be a good Boy, *Tom*, and *do as I bid you*. Yes, Papa, ſaid the Boy; but he did not do as he

was bid, for as ſoon as his Father was gone, *Tom* went to the Hutch to ſee the Lion, and to play with him, when the Beaſt caught hold of him with his Paw, and chopt his Head off.

Now this little Boy might have been living and well if he had obeyed his Father, and done as he was bid. What a ſad Thing it is to be obſtinate and diſobey our Parents?

The HORSE Leſſon.



When you play with a Horſe, take care of his Heels.

A Boy who was at School, ran to catch a Horſe that was in the Field; upon which one of his Friends, who was older and wiſer than he, told him not to go near the Horſe, for he would kick. But *Sam* was above

taking his Friend's Advice ; and the Horſe, when he became within Reach of his Heels, gave him ſuch a Kick, that he was taken up for dead.

What a ſilly Boy was this, not to take his Friend's Advice? Had he obſerved what was ſaid to him, and kept at a Diſtance, he would not have been mangled in this Manner.

The BULL Leſſon.



When you play with a Bull, take Care of his Horns.

A wicked Boy, who uſed to tell Lies, lived at a Farm Houſe where there was an unlucky Bull, that often ran at People who were going by. This the naughty Boy

took Advantage of, and frequently called out *the Bull, the Bull, oh the Bull*; in order to make the Servants run to his Aſſiſtance, that he might then laugh at them. One Day the Bull really made at the Boy, and he called out for Help ; but as he had told ſo many Lies before, the People did not believe him in Danger, and therefore never ſtirred to his Aſſiſtance, but left him to be toſſed by the Bull till he was almoſt dead.

This is the Conſequence of telling Lies— Nobody believes a Liar even when he tells the Truth, becauſe they cannot tell when that may happen; and therefore the Liars Complaints are never regarded.

The DOG Leſſon.



When you play with a Dog, take Care of his Teeth.

A little Girl had a little Dog, which she was very fond of, but the Cur was surly, and often snapped at her Fingers. Yet *Jockey* was such a Favourite, that she would always have him at her Heels, and whenever she went out, called *Jockey, Jockey, Jockey*, to bear her Company. At last *Jockey*, who was never very tame, ran mad; and bit poor *Sally* in such a Manner that she died.

How dreadful is this! Dogs are very faithful useful Animals, and should be regarded; but every Dog should have his Place, and not lie in the Lap, but under the Table. Had the Dog been kept in his Place, little Sally *had been alive and well.*

Giles was fond of his Book, and his Father gave him new ones every Day, all of which he eat up; so that it may be truly said, *he lived upon Learning*. At last, Sir *Toby* heard what a good Boy he was, and calling one Day at *Gaffer Gingerbread*'s, he took *Giles* up in his fine Coach, and carried him to *London*, since which we have heard

heard nothing of him; but his Father says, that he is sure *Giles* will behave so well as to get a Coach of his own, and whenever he does, we shall certainly let our Readers know it. Farewell.

Giles Gingerbread, he lov'd Cream, Custard, and Curds,
And Good Books so well, that he eat up his Words.

FINIS.

The BOOKS usually read by Master BILLY and Miss KITTY, are these; and they are sold by NEWBERY and CARNAN, No. 65, the North-Side of St. PAUL's Church-yard, *London*.

Tom Thumb's Folio, 1d.
Nurse *Truelove's Christmas-Box*, 1d.
——— *New-Years-Gift*, 2d.
The *Easter-Gift*, 2d.
The *Whitsuntide Gift*, 2d.
The *Royal Battledore*, 2d.
The *Royal Primer*, 3d.
The *Little Lottery Book*, 3d.
A *pretty Play-Thing*, 3d.
Entertaining Fables, 3d.

The *Infant Tutor*, 6d.
A *Little pretty Pocket-Book*, 6d.
The *Valentine's-Gift*, 6d.
The Hiſtory of Little *Goody-Two-Shoes*, 6d.
The *Fairing*, 6d.
The *pretty Book for Children*, 6d.
A *pretty Book of Pictures*, 6d.
A *New Riddle Book*, 6d.
Be Merry and Wiſe, by *T. Trapwit*, Eſq; 6d.
Fables in Verſe, by *Abraham Æſop*, Eſq; 6d.
The *Holy Bible abridged*, 6d.
Pretty Poems for Children 3 *Feet high*, 6d.
A New Hiſtory of England, 6d.
The Hiſtory of *Robinſon Cruſoe*, 6d.
Six-pennyworth of Wit, 6d.
The *Royal Pſalter*, 9d.
The *Lilliputian Magazine*, 1s.
Pretty Poems for Children 6 *Feet high*, 1s.
The *Muſeum*, 1s.
Short Hiſtories, 1s.
The *Philoſophy of Tops and Balls*, 1s.
The *New Teſtament*, 1s.
The Life of our SAVIOUR, 1s.
Lives of the *Apoſtles* and *Evangeliſts*, 1s.
Lives of the *Fathers*, 1s.
Expoſition of the *Common Prayer*, 1s.
The *Twelfth-Day-Gift*, 1s.
The Important *Pocket Book*, 1s.
An eaſy *Spelling Dictionary*, 1s.
Letters on all Occaſions, 1s.
Words of the Wiſe, 1s.

Little *Giles Gingerbread.*

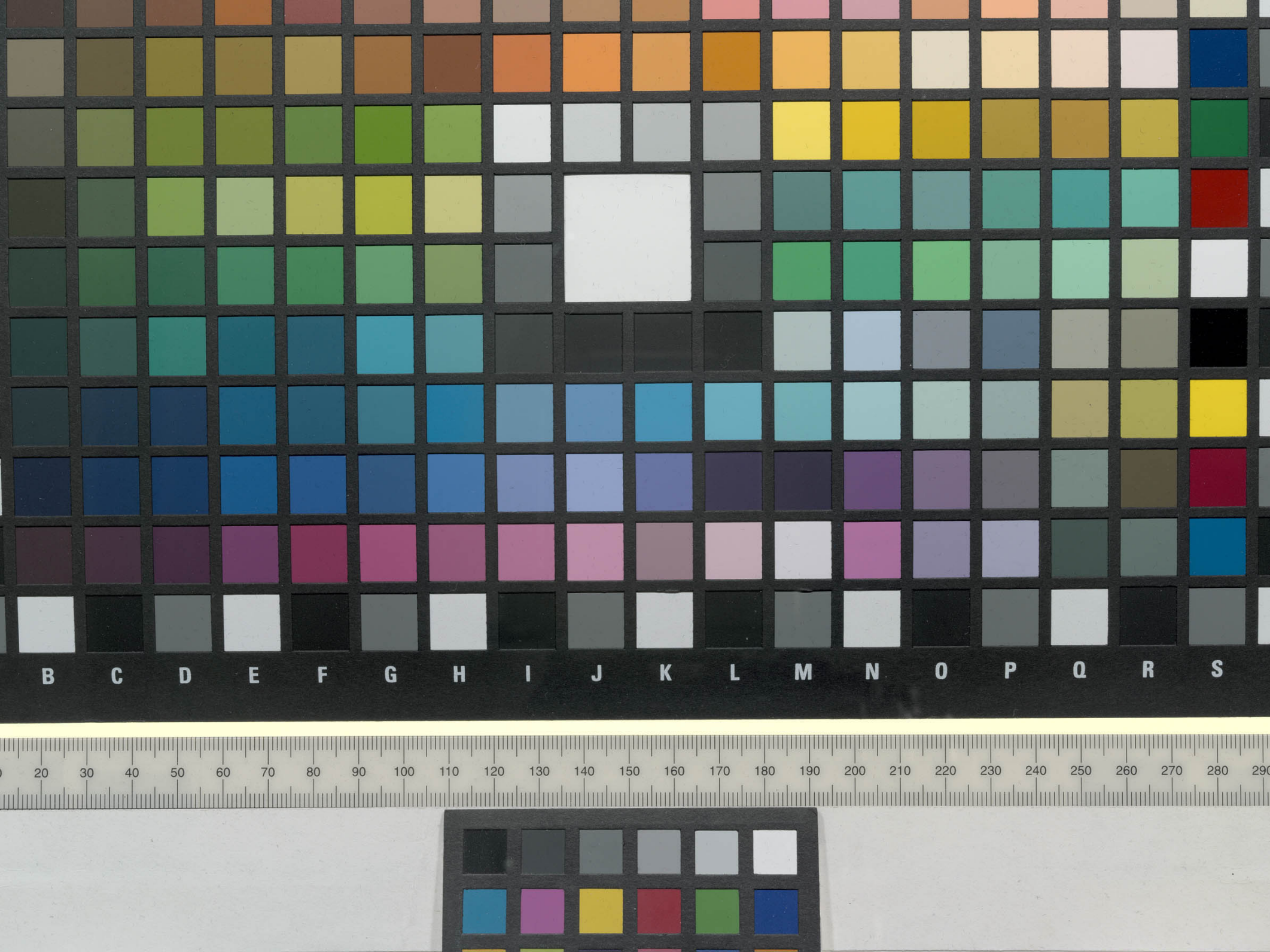


See here's little *Giles*,
With his Gingerbread Book,
For which he doth long,
And at which he doth look:
Till by longing and looking,
He gets it by Heart,
And then eats it up,
As we eat up a Tart.

TOM TAGG.




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